

A Day In The Life Of Paige Collins

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Summary: I am a fanfic writer who wrote a story about a day at school...

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By: Paige Collins

Authors Special Note: This is all real. I'm NOT kidding. This actually happened. These are real people. I'm NOT joking. If you're in the story, and you don't want to be, then e-mail me and I'll see what I can do.

I woke up on my green couch from a very weird dream. Yawning very loudly, I rushed into the bathroom. After going to the potty, I dressed, a T-shirt, shorts (yes, it was hot) and my shoes. Since it was March, it was hot in Mississippi. It was kinda cool out, so I put on my green jacket I LIVE in.

I climbed into our blue station wagon, and put on my radio. I shoved my heavy-weighs-as-much-as-a-small-child bookbag to one corner and balanced my radio on the windowsill of our car.

I couldn't really hear it, since there was a lot of static today. I arrived at school.

Ah, yes. School. MSP, Middle School ofâ€¦I can't say. I would give away where I live. I got out and went into the office to see if I was late. I wasn't. I left the office and took a left, heading straight to the sixth grade.

I passed the bathrooms, boys and girls and towards Mrs. Mary Lynn Smith class. My first period class. I had Mrs. Garrett next period,

Mrs. Lambert (band) and Mrs. Wilkins last. I sighed and walked in.

I took my seat behind Brittany.

"Layne, do you have your permission slip?" Mrs. Mary Lynn Smith asked. Layne is my real name, if you were wondering. See why I go by Paige Collins.

"Yes, ma'am." I said and reached into my bookbag. I got up and handed it to her. My twin sister, Meg handed in hers.

I was going on a field trip. Not a big one, though. Just to see the Lower Elementary Book Parade. A bunch of little kids dressed as book characters.

But, there was a misunderstanding with something and I was forced to go to another classroom.

But Mrs. Wilkins came and got me out of it. To catch up with the rest of the sixth grade, we had to run the whole way. I was out of breath and my hat was ready to fall off.

I saw a familiar head and another. It was Aimee and Meg, my best friends. Aimee had on a side ponytail and a hat turned sideways on. Meg had on a different colored hat than mine, but it was the same kind of hat.

I also spotted Sheila, one of my friends.

"Hey!" I said as I came up to them.

"You got to go?" Meg asked happily.

—

_ Duh Meg. You're in that special class for the smart kids, Quest. You should know._ I thought.

"Yeah." I panted and despite the heat, smiled. It was getting hotter.

We crossed through the high school and into the parking lot of a grocery store. People watched and stared at about seventy children, ranging from eleven to thirteen, cross. We finally came to Pizza Hut and began to cut through. Meg and Aimee ran up ahead.

"Wait up Laverne and Shirley!" I cried, running to catch up with them.

We walked to the bridge thingy where trains pass over. A train passed over and I almost said a bad word.

Finally, we came to the place where we were to watch the Book Parade. We waited for a minute or so and some children came marching up. I could not remember who came first, but it was original and cute.

Some more kids.

Some more kids.

Some more kids.

Some more kids.

It was over. All that darn walking for that? No wait. We were going to the PARK!!! Butâ€|it wasn't around here. We were walking? Were the teachers nuts? Was the sun getting to Mrs. Wilkins? I thought.

We walked there and I thought I would die. My friends speeded ahead of me and the sun was getting me.

" OH MY GOSH!!! A LITTLE FLUFFY BUNNY!" I cried. But there wasn't anything there.

We came to the park. I saw my friends and jogged up to them. We grabbed a table with some other kids and sat. Some kids went to the walking track. Some to the swing and seesaws. Me, I was a sitting at the table kind of guyâ€|gal. I sat there and thought.

Sudden movement!!!

Kids began to run.

Where's da' fire? Where's da' fire? I thought.

I got up. A large crowd came to a table. I got up and went over there.

It was horrible. Kids were mobbing the ice chest, jumping up and down and screaming. It was every man for himself.

" Okay!" A teacher called and began to talk. We were to get one drink and one snack. Oooh! Little Debbie snack cakes! And cokes and sprites! I got a drink and sat down. Meg said she'd get me a snack cake.

She came back with a Fudge Round. My favorite. I LUV Fudge Rounds and sprite. I ate it in, oh, three seconds. I got up and watched Aimee on the swings. I finally got a swing. I began to swing.

It was the thrill of da' century!

Oh joy! Oh happiness!

It reminded me of my days in New Yorkâ€|and I haven't been out of Mississippi except to go to Louisiana. And I've been to New Orleans once and Jackson once.

I live a pitiful life.

The day went on. Finally, we had to go back to dumbness.

The school. But the walk was heck.

Since I don't live very far from the park, we passed my road.

MY ROAD!

I was one mile from happiness. My basketball. My nintendo. My TV. My

radio. My Animorphs books. My computer. FF.NET. All theses things, I would never see.

We walked till we got to the school, and I thought I would die.

I can't remember what happened next (sun did damage to my brain) but I do know that I got to eat lunch.

End
file.